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Black Eagle

I never liked hurting animals, let alone kill them, despite eating meat almost everyday.

My father on the other hand, he was a natural born hunter. As a kid, I would look up to him and wished I could be like him. It all changed when I was 10, I got my first kill. A single shot and I killed a black eagle, I thought I'd be happy, my father was, but I wasn't. Instead I cried realizing what I've done. I may not have shot a human but I still took a life. I took an animal's life.

My father stopped bringing me and my siblings hunting after a few more of my protests and refusals. I saw the disappointment in his face and it changed our relationship. He started going hunting a lot more often and left me and my siblings home alone. Rarely ever saw him in the day, he left early and came back a bit past our bedtime. My guess was that he stopped hunting way long before he got home and got drunk.

He sent me and my older and eldest brother, Ukraine, out to the city for our college and University. Ever since I finished University I've never really left the city. It's a lot better here despite the dirty air. Actually, anywhere is better than being with my father.

Belarus and Kazakhstan are now currently in University while living in an apartment of their own. I got a job as a vet after a few years in a University for veterinary. Me and Ukraine still live in the same apartment even for that long. Ukraine just chose accounting since he's not very interested in anything else. He was sort of surprised when he found out I was applying for a veterinary University. Was an athletic person so it was difficult to believe I'd choose something so uhhh.... Scientifically? Not sure what to call it.

My father was just even more pissed about it but he paid for it anyways. Not like he can-

"Should we dump it in the lake?"

I stopped jogging and looked to the side. There stood a group of kids gathering in a circle and looking down.

"Hey, it's still alive!" A boy shouted squating and poking something with a stick.

"What really? Should we dump it in the lake alive or just throw a heavy rock at it?" The boy next to him asked.

We're they talking about an animal? A cat or a dog maybe? As a vet I honestly can't let that happen. And why are there kids out in the park so early?

I walked closer to the group and called out to them, "Hey, what are you kids doing over there?" The group stared at me for a while. After they glanced at one another they all ran away leaving a black, bloody mass on the ground.

"What the fuck?" I mumbled and I crouched down to examine it. I widened my eyes as I realize what it was. A black eagle. It was a black eagle, but what on Earth is it doing in a city like this one? It's feathers were scattered around it a bit and it's wings seems to be broken. It had shallow and slow breathing. Those kids really did a number on this one.

I gently picked it up and ran back to my apartment. As the apartment grew closer I slowly put the bird in my hoodie, careful as to not let the blood touch my clothing yet. Thankfully, I managed to get past the guards and got in my apartment. Ukraine was probably still asleep so I had no problem with pulling the bird out. My hoodie was now bloodstained, and probably my shirt as well, but that wasn't my concern now.

I took a first aid kit from the bathroom and went in my room, locking it. I placed the bird on my desk and opened the first aid kit. I didn't have any proper tools to operate on it so I had to make due with the things I had for now.

I managed to clean the wounds and stopped the bleeding. I wasn't sure if human disinfectant would work but it'll have to do. I've placed sticks and wrapped it with the wings since they were broken.

It's legs weren't as bad as I thought it'd be though. I closed the first aid kit and looked at the time.

I had to go to work soon so I left and took a shower, not daring to touch clothes for me to use with these hands. After I was done I changed and packed my bag. I took a last glance at the bird, it was still sleeping. I'll be gone for a while so I might as well prepare some water for it, not sure what to feed it though.

I place a cup of water beside it and locked my room. "Hey, you're off to work?" Ukraine said as he leaned on his door frame. "Да, see you later," I said as I left the house and walked to my work.

Today was less busy than I had expected. No new ones came in, all I had to do was take care of the old ones. My shift had ended and it was still around the afternoon. Ukraine would have already went to work by then. Wonder what he left for my lunch this time. But first, the bird.

I walked into my apartment and unlocked my room. As I entered, the bird was gone. I was about to panic when I saw a short, injured man looking out the window. He wasn't looking out the window for long when he noticed me. We both stared at each other for a bit.

"What the fUCK!?" I shouted and almost instantly, the man turned into the black eagle I brought this morning. I was so confused and just watched as the bird backed away to the corner.

"No, wait. I didn't mean to shout like that but, you-" I stopped half way, still processing what just happened and whether or not it was real. I walked closer and the bird just stared at me and shaking a bit. "Can you... Turn human?" I asked, crouching lower.

The bird didn't react for a bit, and I thought I really did go crazy. Just when I was about to stand up, there was the man again. I looked at him in astonishment as he opened his mouth, "Th... Thank y-you..." His voice was hoarse and dry. I still didn't know how to react and stared at him for a while.

"... You're welcome... I guess?" I said as I helped the man stand up with me. The man was maybe a feet or more shorter than me and

looks a lot frailer too. When he was a bird I could still see my bandages wrapped around it but all I see now was just scars that hadn't completely healed yet. The man was wearing something formal, you could mistaken him for cosplaying, plus the cape he had. It's just that the places he was injured at, the clothes seems to have gotten ripped and showed only those. His flag was that of a black, red and yellow color.

"What are you?" I asked. "Shouldn't you be asking for my name first?" He asked back snickering a bit. I chuckled as well as I placed him on my bed and sat next to him. "My name's Germany. And I'm a black eagle. Well, not those ordinary ones. I'm a rather... Uhh, well, magical creature as you might call it," the man claimed to be, Germany, introduced hoarsely. He was getting better at speaking though.

"I'm Russia, the person that saved your life. And a human mind you," I introduced back as he giggled a bit, "I would very much like to ask you all about what you said but I'm pretty sure we should eat first." I led Germany out and into the kitchen as I saw a heated up soup on the counter.

I gave Germany the entire soup and took out some bread for me to eat instead. Germany declined at first but realized that reasoning with me was practically no use. We enjoyed lunch together with a few talks and so, nothing to the serious part yet though.

Critters

(going third person mode on this one)

(Sorry for the sudden update on this one I was re-reading my past chapters and realized the current chapters had gone a bit out of line from the starting point due to the many ideas I had in mind for it. Not much has changed here so no need to worry much. It won't be as necessary but I didn't want to confuse you and future readers.)

"So, what do you call yourselves? Like what kind of creature do you identify by?"

"We call ourselves Critters. We're all just animals with abilities animals can't do," Germany answered.

The two were sitting on the Russia's bed. He was asking Germany more about himself and what he was. It was still pretty confusing for him and he still couldn't believe what was happening.

"Where did you come from?" Russia asked again.

"From a forest. It's actually a bit far from the city," Germany replied.

"So, is there like a hidden civilization there or what?"

"Well, sort of? We have a civilization for all kinds of Critters. Be it be a bird, mammal, insect, reptiles, etc. The fishes live in the oceans and seas but they usually come by once in a while through the lake," Germany explained.

"And I'm guessing humans aren't allowed there?"

"Yeah, don't take it the wrong way or anything but it's just for safety reasons."

Russia nodded understandingly and asked a question Germany was dreading for, "If humans aren't allowed there, why would you leave

and go to a city populated with them?" Germany took a while, he didn't really want to answer it. "I heard the city was nice, so I came here for research," Germany lied looking down.

"If you don't want to talk about it, it's fine you know?" Russia said looking at Germany. "It's really not, you've taken care of me and answering your questions truthfully is the least I can do. But here I am lying to you about that," Germany protested. "Just because I helped you doesn't mean you owe your personal life to me."

"Well, you saved it so technically it does mean that," Germany corrected. Russia couldn't help but realize that he was right. He decided to change the subject a bit, "Well, when are you going back?" Germany took a while to think of the answer to that, he looked at his arms. "I don't think I'm ever going back, I had a few problems there... Plus my wings are still injured, can't really fly around with it," Germany answered.

"Right, you probably need some new clothes. Yours are pretty ragged," Russia said as he stood up and was about to leave the room. "Can I request some long sleeved clothings? If it's not too much to ask," Germany spoke up hesitantly. "Yeah sure, Ukie probably has some about your size. And it's just a choice of fashion, how is that too much to ask?" Russia said as he left and went to Ukraine's room to grab out a few choices Germany would prefer.

Russia came back with a black turtle neck at hand. "Hope this suits you," Russia said as he handed the clothing to Germany. "Thank you... Are you getting out?" Germany said as he observed the black turtle neck. "What? You embarrassed or something? We're both guys you know," Russia chuckled. Germany only looked away and mumbled, "...Bitte..." The tone was somewhat pleading and thought Russia did not understand, he could tell Germany was asking nicely.

Russia sighed and walked out of the room, "30 seconds, that's all." Germany started unbuttoning his clothings as the door closed behind Russia. A few seconds had passed and Germany told Russia it was ok to go in.

"So does it fit?" Russia asked as he entered the room. Germany was checking himself out in a mirror, "It's a but long but I can manage.

Very comfortable as well." "That's just cuz you're short," Russia commented as he took the torn clothing Germany had on before. "I'm not that short," Germany protested but Russia only chuckled and put the clothes to the basket of dirty clothes.

"Do you mind sleeping in a box? I can stuff a pillow in it for your comfort," Russia asked. "Sure, I don't mind. I'm just a bird after all," Germany replied. Russia went out again and came back with an empty box at hand. He placed it on his desk and put a pillow in it. Germany turned back to a bird and Russia helped him up to the box.

"You ok?" Russia asked. Germany made a nodding motion as he rested himself on the pillow. Russia couldn't help but rub Germany's head to his back. His feathers were soft his form was so relaxed. Russia had never had a pet before but he was sure it would've been somewhat similar to that moment.

Russia heard the apartment door open, "That's probably my brother. You rest up alright?" The bird did another nodding motion and with that Russia left to greet his brother.

"Welcome home," Russia said as Ukraine laid on the couch. "Who knew being an accountant could be pretty stressful?" Ukraine chuckled. Russia nodded, "Who's fault was it to be one?" "Shut up," Ukraine chuckled again and sat up. He walked to his room saying a 'goodnight' before shutting the door.

Russia went to his own and checked on Germany. The bird was sleeping soundly. Russia gently pat the him, he couldn't help but find it adorable. He wished he'd gotten a pet long ago to experience this sooner. Now was better than never and though it wasn't a dog or a cat anything is good enough for him.

Russia was a specialist on mammals but he could make due with birds and reptiles. He's not very good with insects or fishes though. He was fortunate enough that Germany was at least a bird. Actually thanks to Germany, Russia had realized that mammal pets aren't the only cute animals that exist.

He stood up and decided not to bother him anymore. Instead he

flopped down to his bed and covered himself with the blanket. He drifted to sleep as he pushed aside everything that happened that day.

(Ran out of ideas for this one)

Fried Eggs

Russia woke up from his sleep. As usual, it was 4:30 in the morning. Russia didn't need an alarm to wake him up, this was already a force of habit. He would wake up early just to jog and exercise a bit. It helped prepare him for whatever would happen the following day.

Russia got off his bed and took out a black shirt and sweatpants. Just when he took his current shirt off he heard a thud. He looked to the noise and saw a flushed man on the ground. "H-hey! You could've at least warned me if you were gonna change!" the man said.

The events that happened yesterday finally hit Russia again. It was hard to believe that none of that was a dream. It all just seemed so unreal but Russia couldn't deny reality. He saved a... 'critter' and he's living with him now.

"It's just the shirt, you're just overreacting. And so what if I change? Not like you're a girl," Russia as he helped Germany up. "Just put on a shirt already," Germany said and turned away from Russia. Russia quickly changed behind Germany's back, telling him it was ok to look afterwards.

"Where are you going?" Germany asked as Russia put on his ushanka. "Just a little jog, what are you doing up so early?" Russia asked as he adjusted the ushanka on his head. "I'm an early bird." "I see what you did there," Russia chuckled while Germany groaned.

"You wanna come with?" Russia asked as he opened the door. Germany shook his head in response, "No thanks. I'm more into flying than running." "Whatever, if you want to eat something, feel free to check the fridge out. Ukie won't be up til I come back so there's nothing to be scared of," Russia instructed and wore his running shoes.

Russia started walking down to start his jog while Germany closed

the door. Germany stretched his arms, they were still sore since his wings had not healed. He had to go, he couldn't stay in one place for a long time or he'll surely be found. Russia had been nice and caring with Germany, and he was very grateful Russia found him. But he couldn't burden him for long, despite wanting to stay forever.

Even though Germany didn't like to think about it, he still couldn't *completely* Russia. They only met after all and he legit just told him all about his species. Germany had always a bit of regret remembering the answers he gave Russia, but he hoped Russia was actually a caring person that does not want to harm them. He had always been naive, but that's only because he tries his best not to see the bad side of a person. He's only been less naive when he had enough of this one person's attitude.

Germany slid a hand under his turtleneck. He felt the curve of a scar on his chest. He was lucky enough not to have gotten it to deep or he might've been dead. He pulled his hand back and went to the kitchen. He opened the fridge and found some bread, milk, cereal, vegetables and eggs. He took an egg and cracked it open, its contents falling to Germany's mouth.

Germany would usually eat squirrels or smaller creatures but eggs were also a part of his diet. Sadly the ones on the fridge wasn't fresh and they weren't even from the breed of birds he would normally eat. He still make due with it though.

"Back from your jog?" Ukraine said, a bit annoyed. "Yeah, what's up with you?" Russia said as he closed the door behind him. Ukraine pointed to the kitchen, Russia looked at where he was pointing. There were a lot of egg shells on the on the floor near the fridge.

"Look, I get you're all athletic and maybe raw eggs are good for you but could you at least clean up? Didn't even bother buying more eggs on the way?" Ukraine scolded. Russia looked back at Ukraine, "I didn't do it." "Oh please, who else would be up at this time in this apartment other than you?" Russia thought about it, then he remembered he let Germany take anything he want from the fridge.

"Alright, alright. I'll clean it up," Russia said as he took the shells

and threw them in the trash bin. Russia glanced at the sink seeing nothing there. Did Germany really are raw eggs? After he was done he went in his room to be met with a bird on the box.

"Germany, did you just raided our eggs, ate them raw and left the shells on the floor?" Russia asked crossing his arms. Germany got off the box and turned human, "S-sorry! I was about to clean it but then I heard your brother's door unlocking. I panicked so I just went in your room," Germany apologized. Russia sighed, "Alright, I get it. You were gonna get caught if you stayed to clean up. But did you have to wait them raw? A whole bunch of them too." "Well, I usually eat it raw?" Germany said.

"Then after I get back for work, I'll cook you some fried eggs, Kay?" Russia offered. Germany nodded and Russia took some clothes from his closet to get ready for work. Germany had never tried anything cooked, this would be a first time for him.

"Ger, I'm back," Russia called out a plastic bag of eggs on one hand. Germany got out of Russia's room and walked up to Russia. "Welcome back," Germany said enthusiastically with a warm smile. He was excited with trying cooked food and Russia found that cute in a way. Like a puppy getting excited over a new toy.

"Do you know how to use a stove?" Russia asked. Germany stared in confusion but his smile did not disappear. "Nevermind, you've always eaten raw so I don't expect you to know what or how to use a stove," Russia said as he walked to the kitchen, Germany trailing behind him.

Russia took a pan and placed it on the stove. He put a bit of cooking oil on it before he started the fire. It startled Germany a bit, "Fire! You can make fire just buy turning that?" Russia chuckled, "Yeah. This is what we use to cook our food. Makes fire for us to use." Russia waited for a while before taking an egg and cracking it open on top of the pan. Germany watched as the egg sizzles on the pan, the smell of it was growing.

After Russia cooked a few more he gave a plate of eggs for Germany. Just when Germany was about to bite onto it, Russia stopped him, "Hey, you wanna burn your tongue or something? It's

still hot, you should at least blow it. And use a fork." Germany didn't know how to use utensils, what did you expect from a creature from the wild?

Russia sighed and cut a piece with the fork for Germany. He stabbed the piece with the fork a blew it a bit before placing it in front of Germany. Germany took the bite and he finally understood how good cooked food was. He took the fork from Russia and did what Russia just did. Russia chuckled as he washed the pan he used.

"Ah right, I should probably buy you a toothbrush. Since you ate raw eggs this morning," Russia mentioned as he finished washing the pan. Germany stopped eating his last egg and looked at Russia, "Toothbrush?" "It's like a mini brush to wash your mouth and teeth with." Russia explained.

"That won't be necessary. Another difference between us and animals are that we're completely odorless. That's usually how we hunt down prey so easily. Only our own kind can smell us," Germany explained, continuing to finish his egg.

Russia was confused with how that was even possible, but then again, it was their logic. "I'm still buying you a toothbrush. And you're gonna have to learn how to take a shower too," Russia said as he took the empty plate and fork from Germany. Germany only shrugged, how bad could that be?

Bath

"Germany, turn back!" Russia demanded as he chased the bird.

Germany only realized that he would need to be naked to take a shower. And he didn't like that. Even thought we was still unable to fly he could still run a bit. Thanks to his smaller size compared to Russia, it was easy to slip from his grip.

Russia finally caught him. Making sure that his grip wasn't too hard to hurt him or too soft for him to escape. "If you don't turn back, I'll dump you in the water," Russia threatened. Germany didn't respond, and so Russia took him to the bathroom. There Russia had prepared a bath tub filled with water.

Russia hovered Germany over the water, "Last chance." Germany only stayed still and silent. Russia slowly lowered Germany, the bird and the water getting close. Germany tried to squirm but all he could move around were his legs. Just when the water was about to touch Germany's tail he turned back with legs in different positions due to his attempt in squirming.

"Don't you dare drop me in there! I'm a bird, not a fish, you can't just throw me in water like that!" Germany scolded. Russia kept holding Germany in place, it was difficult due to his legs going all over the place and the added weight of being a human. If it hadn't been for Russia's daily exercise, he could've already dropped Germany to the water.

Germany finally calmed down realizing the odd position he was in and stared at Russia. A leg was above his shoulder while the other one was between his other arm and his waist. "... You done with your tantrum yet?" Russia asked unamusingly. Germany blushed at the position and that Russia was perfectly casual with it.

Germany nodded and Russia place him on the floor. "Come on, you can't take a bath with your clothes on," Russia said. "Then what about a shower? You said I'd take a shower not a bath yesterday!"

Germany complained. "You need to take them off for that too," Russia said taking Germany back. Germany wasn't comfortable with these circumstances but he was also eager to try a shower (bath).

Russia stood up, "If you don't wanna, there's no point in forcing you to bathe. At least you're odorless." Germany felt bad, he did want to try but being naked? Germany had to make a decision fast, Russia was close to exiting the bathroom. "F-fine, I'll do it! But you gotta leave til I tell you it's ok," Germany said just as Russia held the door handle. Russia looked back with a smirk, "Fine by me." With that he left the bathroom.

Germany slowly stripped himself until he was completely naked. He saw himself in the mirror feeling uncomfortable and anxious. "You done yet?" Russia asked from the other side of the door. "N-not yet. If I'm naked I can just go in the water right?" Germany asked getting a hum from Russia.

Germany slowly went in the water, it wasn't as hot as before due to the long wait but it was warm enough for him to manage. "You can come in now," Germany called out. Russia entered the room as soon as he heard Germany's permission. "How's the water?" Russia asked as he took off his ushanka and placed it on the sink counter.

"It's warm..." Germany responded as he tried to hug himself, covering his exposed body as much as he could. "You sure? You're getting pretty touchy with yourself there," Russia said as he placed his elbow in the water. "Ja, it's just... Really embarrassing..." Germany said with a flushed face. Russia chuckled and took out his elbow from the water.

He poured some soap on his hand, "Well, I won't start with your front so face away from me will ya? I'll start with the back." Germany did as told and Russia began rubbing his soapy hands all over Germany, making sure to rub clean enough.

Germany was a bit startled but went along with it for a while. The soap started dulling the clear water, allowing Germany to relax and stop covering himself. After a few more scrubs, Russia stopped, "Alright, turn around. If you want, I'll start with your arm." Germany did as told again and raised his arm above the water a bit.

Russia began scrubbing it like how he did with Germany's back.

"I think I can do the other arm myself," Germany said after examining how Russia scrubbed him arm. Russia looked up to Germany, not stopping his hand, "You sure?" "I'm not a baby, Russia, I learn fast," Germany said, pulling his arm away and scrubbing the other one. "You want me to do your legs then?" Russia offered. "Sure? How bad could- nO NO NO! I ch-changed my mind!" Germany added, scooting his legs away as soon as he felt Russia's hands on his thigh. Russia snickered, "How about your front? I won't-" "NO! I-I can take care of that myself th-thank you," Germany declined. His face was flushed in embarrassment.

"Alright, looks like you know what to do. I'll try and find some clean clothes for you so when you're done, just call me," Russia said, picking up the clothes Germany used before and using his ushanka. Russia left the bathroom, leaving Germany alone. It was very quiet with only Germany alone, he didn't find it very comfortable. It was never as quiet as this back in the forest. Even when everyone was sleeping, there were at least crickets that would make pleasant and soothing noises.

"Russia? I'm done," Germany called out from behind the door. He waited a moment and Russia finally answered, "Finally, I got some clothes and a towel for you." Russia tried to open the door but Germany did his best to keep the door shut. "I-I'm still naked! Just give them to me and I know how to wear clothes you know?" Germany protested. "I bet you're still soaked. Do you even know what a towel is, let alone use it?" Russia asked. Germany couldn't deny the fact that he was still wet from the bath but it'd be weird if Russia saw him naked. Germany heard Russia sigh, "Open the door a bit, I'll hand you the towel and tell you what to do." Germany agreed, opening the door slightly for Russia to hand a towel to Germany. "It's really simple, just rub yourself with it til you're dry. Can you do that?" Russia instructed. Germany hummed in response and did as told. He didn't know where to start so he rubbed from his head to his legs.

When Germany was done he told Russia to hand the clothes. Russia gave Germany a grey hoodie, too big for his size and some shorts.

"...Russia, I appreciate the clothes and all but isn't this a big to big for me? And why shorts...?" Germany commented. "Ukie's turtle neck was literally the only clothes with long sleeves and honestly, I don't have much myself. I thought shorts might be comfortable for you. I'll go buy some clothes for you tomorrow," Russia answered rubbing the back of his neck. "It's ok, that won't be necessary. It's not like I'll be staying for long anyways," Germany said as he wore the hoodie. Russia burst in the bathroom and Germany yelped, pulling the down to cover his... (7w7 you know what it is). "What do you mean? You can stay here for as long as you want, you know! I won't mind at all, I'll keep your secret, I'll take care of you!" Russia asked frantically. "Russia, I appreciate your help but.." Germany trailed off getting lost in Russia's pleading eyes.

Germany stared at Russia for a bit longer before sighing in defeat, "...If you insist." Russia beamed, mentally celebrating for Germany's stay. "Can I use my pants now?" Germany asked, the hoodie still being pulled down to cover as much as he could. Russia nodded but still stayed. There was a short silence before Russia broke it, "You gonna use it or-" "Russland," Germany said in a scolding manner. "Russland? Is that a nick name for me?" Russia asked pointing at himself. "Well, maybe. Its just how I translate Russia to my mother tongue. If you leave me for a bit, I'll teach you more about it," Germany offered. Russia accepted it and left, only for Germany to come out a few moments later.

Ukraine

"You're taking me out?"

Russia nodded, "You need to learn how to interact with humans at some point. What if I'm out and you need to get something from the store? And you need some clothes."

"Well, I can't go out with this!" Germany protested, pointing at the oversized hoodie and shorts he was wearing. "Why? What's wrong with that?" Russia asked. "I'm not properly dressed," Germany stated. "Relax, we're not going to anywhere fancy. It's just a nearby store," Russia said as he opened the door.

He waited for Germany to get out. It took him some thinking but he finally went out of the apartment, Russia following behind after he locked it. "Where is this store at?" Germany asked walking aside Russia. "It's actually on the first floor. There's a bunch of stores there. They're mostly just food and daily necessities though," Russia said.

They reached in front of the left and Russia pressed the button going down. Germany was confused as he saw the number shown on top of the lift change constantly. "Never seen a lift before?" Russia chuckled. Germany looked back at Russia, "Lift? As in carrying or picking something up?" "Oh.. That was a rhetorical question but I guess you really don't know what a Lift is," Russia said.

The lift let out a ding, startling Germany as the doors began to slide open. He hid behind Russia, luckily no one was there to see Germany's behaviour. "It's alright, this thing let's us go to different floors," Russia said, walking in with Germany. "Like a teleportation mechanism?" Germany asked, no longer behind Russia. "Something like that. You just press the number of the floor you wanna go to and we'll be there in a few seconds," Russia explained, pressing the button with the number 1 on it.

"This one has BG on it though," Germany said pointing at the button the lowest button. "That's for the basement, it's where people park their cars or vehicles," Russia said. Before Germany could ask, Russia interrupted him, "We can talk about that later, the doors are opening." Germany looked as the door slid open. A bunch of people were waiting outside.

Germany was getting anxious until Russia pulled him out. "Why were there so many people?" Germany whispered as he and Russia continued walking. "We're not the only ones who can use the lift you know? There are bound to be others that would use it as well," Russia whispered back.

They soon reached a small shop. Through the glass door there were clothes hanged neatly and some folded. They went in, Germany staring at the many choices everywhere. "Hello, Sir. How may I help you?" An employee greeted scaring Germany a bit, "O-oh. Uhm... Do you have any long sleeves I can try on?" "Sure, what size are you looking for? I think you'd fit a medium," the employee asked.

Germany didn't know what to say and just nodded at her. The employee went to a room that was labeled, 'staff only'. "You're doing good," Russia said. "Danke," Germany said in his mother tongue. "Thank you, right?" Russia said. Germany nodded and laughed a bit. He looked around at the clothes while Russia did the same.

He suddenly felt a hand touch his bottom. He yelped and turn around, Russia was still looking at some clothes behind him. He hit Russia's shoulder, causing Russia to look back, "What?" "Don't just 'what' me! Why'd you do that!?" Germany whisper-yelled, pulling the back of the hoodie to cover the spot that was touched.

"What are you talking about?" Russia asked, causing Germany to be even more mad. He was about to tell at him until a laugh burst out behind the two. They looked back seeing someone Russia was familiar with, "Ukie!?" Ukraine slowly stopped laughing, wiping an imaginary tear from his face. "Sorry about that, didn't mean to touch you like that. Just wanted to mess around with my brother," Ukraine said.

Germany flushed in embarrassment, pulling the hoodie lower. Russia looked behind Germany, then realizing what happened. He glared at Ukraine, "Ukie!" "Chill, I said I'm sorry. My name's Ukraine, I'm this giant's older brother," Ukraine introduced, holding out a hand in front of Germany.

Germany hesitantly shook it, mumbling his name only loud enough for Urkaine and Russia to hear. The employee came out it the door with some clothes, "Sir, I have a few options for you to choose from would you like to try them?" Germany nodded, Russia leaned down to whisper to Germany, "Just change into them at that room with the mirror over there. Once you've made your decision, just change back and give the ones you choose to the lady."

Germany nodded and took the clothes the employee provided. He walked into a fitting room stall and locked the door behind him. Russia looked back at Ukraine, "Why are you here? I thought you were at work." "I forgot my ID card. I was about to go back but I saw you and Germany over there walking out of the lift and here. So, who's Germany?" Ukraine explained.

"Germany's just a friend. He's staying by our place for a while so I'm buying him some clothes," Russia lied. "What? How long have that agreement been going? You never told me about that," Ukraine asked skeptically. "Just now. Of course you haven't heard of it. Just didn't want to tell you immediately because he needed some clothes," Russia lied again.

"How long will he be staying?" Ukraine asked. "I don't know. His house is still under repair due to an accident," Russia said. "Accident? What happened?" Ukraine questioned. "His... Work got bankrupt. He couldn't pay for his bills anymore and his landlord took his stuff," Russia said quickly. He almost ran out of ideas. "Geez, poor guy. His life must be going downhill," Ukraine said sympathetically. Russia nodded.

Germany got out of the fitting room and gave the preferred clothes to the employee. The rest he didn't like so much were also taken by the employee. He walked to Russia and Ukraine. "You done?" Russia asked. "Yeah, I'm good to go!" Germany replied. "Alright, let me go pay for it," Russia said, walking towards the cashier. "Germany,"

Ukraine called out. Germany looked back and hummed. "Just know you can stay for as long as you need," Ukraine said smiling at him. Germany smiled back, "Thank you." "I should get going, I'm gonna be late for work. See you later, Germany," Ukraine said walking out of the store.

Russia came back with a plastic bag with Germany's new clothes in it, "Did Ukie went out for work?" Germany nodded, "Can we go now?" "Let's go get lunch first, I'll show you to my favourite restaurant here. It's not so crowded for your relief," Russia said walking out with Germany.

Bar

(Yes I changed the cover-)

Germany watched as the leaves fell from the trees. It reminded him of his home a lot, he missed home. But he knew he couldn't go back. He couldn't take it any longer.

He heard very familiar voices behind him. He turned to the source and saw the same kids that put him into this situation. Despite them torturing Germany, he couldn't be mad at them. He had a soft spot for kids. Doesn't everyone?

(Not really-)

The kids didn't do anything absurd for now. All they were doing was chasing each other down. Germany didn't understand the game. Nor did he understand why they were out in such an early morning, again. Was it a daily routine for them? Even most critter children in his forest didn't enjoy morning as much.

"What's wrong?"

Germany turned to Russia who had finished his jog. He shook his head and smiled at him, "It's nothing. Come sit down with me." Russia did as offered and Germany handed him a water bottle. Russia took it and chugged thd water down. "Thanks for holding onto it for me, Ger," Russia said setting the empty bottle down.

"No problem. Thanks for inviting me out here. The trees really remind me of home," Germany replied. Russia chuckled in response, "This is your home, dork." Russia patted Germany while he groaned in protest, "Stop it, Russland." "You liked it when you were in your little bed," Russia said, pulling his hand back. "It's only comfortable when I'm not in this form. Besides you smell," Germany huffed, crossing his arms.

"Rude, I just jogged 5 laps. Mostly why I'm not a twink like you,"

Russia stated. "What's a twink?" "Nevermind," Russia stopped him. So they both just sat on the bench silently. Russia resting from the jogging and Germany taking in the scenery once more.

"The season's getting colder and you don't seem the type to really like the cold," Russia spoke out. "Just because I'm a bird, doesn't mean I'm not the type to enjoy coldness," Germany rolled his eyes. "I'm not talking about that. I mean you're always covering yourself and stuff," Russia stated. "Is it not alright to enjoy as much closure as I can get for my body?" Germany asked, irritated obviously.

"Chill, didn't mean to struck a nerve or something. Hey, how about you and I go somewhere for tonight?" Russia offered. "Where is it?" Germany asked, eyeing Russia skeptically. "A surprise. But I'll give you a few details about it. It's a place where people usually go to escape from stuff for a while. It's a fun place, you'll love it," Russia answered.

Escape from stuff. Germany really needed to escape from something alright. Even if it was for a while, he'd appreciate it if he could get it off his head. Germany nodded, "Alright, I'll go." Russia smirked, making Germany slightly regret his choice. It was too late now, he had already accepted the offer-

-To which he greatly regrets. Germany groaned as he laid his head to the counter. "You can't be serious," Germany groaned out again. "I am and here we already are," Russia said beside him. The place was crowded and a very strong smell was everywhere.

"Why a saloon of all places?" Germany asked, pulling himself up from the counter. "You're so old fashioned. It's called a bar. Now choose a drink already," Russia demanded. "Doesn't this place have a menu or some list?" Germany asked looking around the shelves behind the counter. "You never went to a bar before?" Russia cooed. Germany gruffed, "I don't go out often. It's usually restricted for me."

"Geez, you really need a drink. Bartender!" Russia called out. The bartender made his way to the two, and as he did so, Germany's head perked up. "What can I do for you gentlemen?" He asked patiently. "I'll get a bottle of vodka, no shot glass needed. And what

do you recommend for starters?" Russia asked nodding at Germany.

The bartender eyed Germany slightly. Having a sudden eye contact, Germany panicked and looked away. "A shy one. Well then, you'll have to settle with this for a while," the bartender stated bending down and standing back up with a bottle of beer. "C'mon, if you're gonna give him beer, give him an actual mug of beer," Russia said glancing at the barrels beside the shelves of drinks.

"You said it was for starters?" The bartender's eyebrow arched. "He's had a rough day, alright?" Russia said. The bartender sighed and places the beer back under the counter. He stood up again, this time with a big glass mug at hand. As he walked away to get their drinks, Germany tugged at Russia's arm.

"Russland, he has a scent," Germany whispered. "Ger, he's a bartender. He works here from day til night at most, of course he'll smell like alcohol," Russia stated. He earned a small punch to the shoulder, "That's not what I mean! He has a scent of a critter." Russia's eyebrow arched, "So he's a critter too?"

"If he was, he would've noticed me too. Most likely he's been hanging out with a critter too," Germany explained. Russia thought for a moment, but shrugged. "So what? I guess a lot of you guys like to some to cities to chill with others. But we're here to enjoy ourselves, Ger. If it makes you feel better, I'll get his name for you," Russia said.

The bartender came back as if on cue, "Here's your drink. Enjoy." As the bartender was about to walk to another customer, Russia called out, "Hey bartender! What's your name?" The bartender looked back at Russia and walked back to him. "The name's Indonesia. If you want to write a feedback of me, make it good," Indonesia joked.

"Russia, my friend here is Germany. And we will, if us three could hang out sometime?" Russia asked. "A threesome? I'm not suppose to be dating customers but if it's out of work..." Indonesia suggested then laughed, Russia joining soon. "Hardy har, I meant just hanging out as friends if you're cool," Russia said.

"Hmm... I'm free this Thursday. We could meet in the cafe across

the street if you're good," Indonesia suggested. "Depends, what time are we talking about here?" Russia asked. "Does lunch sound good to you?" Indonesia asked. "Deal," Russia said. "Alright- Ah wait, you good if I bring my boyfriend with me?" Indonesia asked. "Sure, bring whoever," Russia answered. They both agreed on the terms and the bartender went back to his work.

"You think his boyfriend is the critter?" Germany asked. "Don't know, just drink," Russia said, chugging down the vodka. Germany looked at his drink and gulp as he gaped at the huge mug presented to him. "You think I can drink this?" Germany asked. "Just take small sips, come on, Ger," Russia encouraged. Germany rolled his eyes but still did as Russia had adviced.

Soon his small sips turned to big gulps. Soon his clear eyesight became colors and shapes. Some point he was dancing. Some point he was laughing. And just a small memory he could remember something he'd regret.

And he woke up on Russia's bed.

Friends

(You all are probably gonna hate me for this one-)

Germany sat nervously while Russia sat next to him. They were already in the cafe waiting. They weren't early or anything, but the other two really took their time. The cafe was a bit busy unlike when they first saw it across the bar that night.

"What's your aim in talking to another critter anyways?" Russia asked. Germany glanced at the employees and other customers, seeing that they weren't paying attention at all, then back at Russia. "I'm not completely sure but... I just don't wanna feel alone," Germany replied quietly.

"Alone? You've got me," Russia stated with a grin. "You know that's not what I mean. You're not a critter," Germany sighed. And they both fell silent again.

The silence was interrupted again when a bell rang. The employees greeted the new comers as Germany and Russia stood up. Immediately, Germany and the other country beside Indonesia made eye contact.

"Hey, Russia, Germany. Sorry, to keep you guys waiting, this is my boyfriend, China," Indonesia introduced shaking Russia's hand. "I'm guessing this isn't just a double date?" China said shaking Russia's hand and then lending it to Germany. Germany shook China's hand, "You're China? I've heard plenty of you from your brother! And a bit from America..."

"You know each other?" Russia asked taking a seat. The other three following behind. "Indirectly, yes. Japan has talked about you as well. Much different from the rumors, of course," China explained. Germany forced a smile when China mentioned the rumors.

"So what brings you to a big city such as this one?" China asked looking at a menu that was just set by an employee. Germany was

hesitant, he didn't know how to reply on that one. "That's something I'd rather not talk about for now... How about you? And you're dating a human too," Germany asked.

"Ah yes, Me and Indo have been dating for quite sometime. May not be the most legal thing but who cares about that. You're dating a human too, what happened with America?" China asked looking at Germany. Germany laughed nervously, not sure what to reply at the mention of America. "We're not dating. I just so happen to save his life one day," Russia corrected for Germany, "And who the hell is America?"

"What, really? You guys were making out that night in the bar," Indonesia mentioned, ignoring the last question. "We did whAT-?" Germany's voice cracked as his face flushed red. "Ah geez, we must've been pretty drunk, huh? I remember dreaming about something like that but I didn't think it actually happened," Russia stated, rubbing the back of his neck.

"Ich werde nie wieder trinken...." Germany mumbled embarrassingly. "It's fine, Germany. I wouldn't want to date America either," China commented. "Can we not talk about him for a whole day?" Germany requested. China only nodded, respecting Germany's privacy.

They all ordered food to eat, and left the cafe as soon as they paid for everything. The four had decided to go elsewhere since the cafe was getting too busy for Germany's liking and China wanted to show Germany around and catch up with him. China and Germany went seperate ways as Indonesia and Russia went on their own way as well. The four have decided to meet back at the park at 7.

"What's on your mind, Rus?" Indonesia asked handing Russia a hot dog. "I guess.. Meeting up with you and someone else Germany is familiar with just made me realize how much I know about him," Russia explained, taking a bite from his hot dog. "Well, from the looks of it, he's not very comfortable with his story. You should give him sometime for that. But haven't you ever asked him?" Indonesia asked.

"Actually... No, not at all. I just didn't think it was that important at

first. Germany's here now and that was all that mattered. The present," Russia replied. Indonesia hummed in response. "Does Germany go back to his home sometimes? China does from time to time but he tries to minimize it," Indonesia asked. "Nah, he lives with me now, this is his new home. Besides he mentioned something a out haveing few problems there," Russia explained. Indonesia nodded.

"Me and China met in the woods. He got into one of my traps and I was really shocked to see a panda in the woods like that. I thought he was an escape animal from a zoo so I helped him out. Ahaha, he was pretty pissed at me that time. He left this scar on my face," Indonesia pointed at a scar that went from across his left cheek, barely reaching his eye, "He was pretty hostile, but what'd you expect from a Panda. He turned to his human like form and everthing started from that point."

Russia nodded, "Some story you got there. I just saved Germany from getting killed by a bunch of brats. He wasn't hostile at all honestly. When I came back from work, he was already in his human form. And he was really shy too." Russia chuckled recalling the first time the two met.

"You two would make a good couple," Indonesia commented. "Fantasies aren't real, Indonesia," Russia protested. "Well, why not right? If you guys would even make out while drunk, then you have a chance," Indonesia stated. "It doesn't seem right, kay? I'm not straight, bisexual actually, but I just can't feel that way for him," Russia explained. Indonesia hummed again and the two continued to walk around and start small conversations.

"It's been fun while it lasted. Hope we can meet some time again soon," China said. Him and his boyfriend said their goodbyes and seperated from the other two. The other two waved back and walked back to the apartment.

"How was your time with China?" Russia asked. "It was nice. He brought me to a lot of places. What about you and Indonesia?" Germany asked back. "We did well, shared a couple of stories with each other" Russia replied.

The two finally reached their apartment. They both went into the Russian's room where Russia sat on the bed. "Hey, Ger," Russia called out before Germany could turn. "Who's America?" Russia asked. Germany kept silent, then sighing, "It's been a long day, Russland. Let's just talk about this some other time." Germany turned to a black eagle and jumped to his box. Russia sighed and flopped down to his bed with one question roaming around.

Who's America?

(Bonus scene since you all have bared with me for so long ;-;)

The critter groaned in frustration. Where could he be? Why would he have left? He loved him, why would he just leave that so suddenly?

"You should get some sleep."

"Not now," the critter said not even bothering to glance qt the voice.

"China will be coming soon, we can ask him later on."

The critter hated China, but at this point he was the only lead he could get. China was a critter that had been researching in the human habitat for a while now, so there are chances he could've met Germany. The critter sighed and looked away from the map that was spread across the desk.

"Fine, for Germany."

Forest

"When will you be coming back?"

"A few days. I can't just abandon my past life completely. I don't have much of a reason to," The critter answered.

"I mean, yeah you do?" Indo stated, pointing at himself.

China chuckled and planted a kiss on his boyfriend's forehead. "Of course. I'll see you in a week or less," China said, making his way to the door. "Love you, Sai," Indo mentioned before China exited the house.

Every month, China would have to go back to report his research and findings. And spend quality time with family and friends of course. Because he spends most of his life outside o f home, he hadn't heard much news about it until his sibling, family or friends point it out.

The city to his home was crucially long and would usually take him a day or less to get there. Even if he had wings, it would take half or 3/4 of the day to get there. Did he miss home? Can't say he didn't but. He's grown a home of his own with someone else.

Knowing that Germany was in the city probably meant the critters are on a search party for him. Whether they liked it or not. America probably ordered them to do so. Some critters don't really like him much, China for example, but they all had respect for him. All except China and possibly Germany.

(Time skip cuz I'm not gonna write how China's day went for an entire day-)

"Nii-san! Welcome back!"

A critter tackled him but not strong enough to throw them off the ground.

"你好日本," China greeted back, hugging his little brother.

After a while they parted and held China's hand. "America wants to talk with you," Japan said. China knew it was probably about Germany. Yet he decided to play dumb in respect of Germany and in spite of America.

As Japan led him to America's office, China prepared himself mentally with questions that he might encounter. He couldn't let them know. Not yet and especially not him.

"America, China's here," Japan said as he knocked and entered, not waiting for a response. He might need some lessons about manners. China followed him in and closed the door behind him.

"China," America supposedly greeted. "An asshole as ever, America," China greeted back, "What do you want? It's not like you to call me in immediately. You can always hear my reports from your father you know?" America rolled his eyes, "Germany's missing." "Your fiance?" China arched an eyebrow. "I don't remember anyone else named Germany other than him, China. He didn't leave a note and when I asked around, no one saw him," Amercia stated.

"So you think I've seen him since I'm researching in human habitats?" China questioned. "You know the deal, just spill it," America ordered. China tsked at him and looked at the map on his desk. "That depends, how long has he been gone and where do you think he's headed?" China asked, not even glancing at America. "A few days. Hasn't been that long honestly," America replied, "I still don't know where he could've gone though."

China pretended to be in thought, "Well, if you ask me, No, I haven't seen him. He might have gone further if so." America groaned, "My god you're useless." "If I am, what does that make you? Have you seriously been staying in your desk all day letting other people find him instead?"

"Nii-san..!"

China looked over to Japan and sighed. He looked back at America, "Why do you think he left in the first place?"

Everything went silent after that.

America and China didn't break eye contact at all while Japan looked back and forth at the two. China still patiently waited for an answer while America thought hard. Why did Germany leave in the first place?

"...I don't know..."

"You think it might be because he can't handle your nuiscance for much longer?" China chuckled.

America groaned and slammed his fist to the desk. "This is nothing to be joking about, *China*. He's my fiance, he had no reason to leave me like this!" America exclaimed.

"It's funny how you've claimed each other as fiances to the entire forest, yet I've never once heard him agree," China said, unfazed from America's tantrum. "By all means, I'm not joking, *America*. Just because his father couldn't complete a treaty doesn't mean he has to pay with other methods," China said, exiting the room.

America and Japan stared at the door. Japan looked back at America, he seemed to have calmed down a bit. "What are you gonna do now?" Japan asked. America went silent for a moment, "... I'll send Poland."

Japan nodded and went for the door. Before he left he looked back at America, "He's... he had a point, Ame." America looked at Japan, as if daring them to explain. Japan gulped silently, "..You should join in too. Find him as well. I don't think your Father would mind much.." With that, Japan left the office.

America looked back at the map, circling possible areas. He didn't want to waste his time in areas that had a 50/50 chance. When he wants something, he gets it. He gets it his way. That's how it's always been.

America thought back about China. When it comes to him, he can't

truly believe him. Why? It was China, the only critter in their entire society who treated him differently. Someone America couldn't trust without proof.

A knock on the door. "Come in," America demanded. Poland came in, careful as to not get his wings stuck between the doors.... *again*. "You said you want me to help find Germany? Just tell me the place," Poland said, getting straight to the point.

Despite what Germany's father did to him, he was one of Germany's closest friend. Second closest after Japan. Because of this he didn't want to waste much time and find Germany.

"I'll be going with you," America said, Poland only nodded. "We'll go here," America pointed at the map. He pointed at a big city a bit far from where they were. Poland flinched and looked back at America, "I can't..! My wings, they'll think of us too strangely."

"We'll fly there. But when we do get there, you won't have to transform to human. Keep looking high while I look amongst the humans. You can fly down to me occasionally in less crowded places," America explained.

Poland thought a while, "But isn't that where China is researching? I'm sure he'll have it handled." "Don't trust everything you hear. We'll leave tomorrow morning. Meet me in my office when you're ready," America dismissed and sat back on his chair. Poland only nodded and left the office.

America planned it out in his head, the possibilities of unwanted attention and such. They would need less formal clothings to blend with the humans too. Well, America specifically would need it.

Found

Germany sat on the couch, clenching on his sweater tightly. He was full of thought and looking everywhere while cold sweat beads formed.

He jumped when he felt a tap on his shoulder. "Germany, you ok?" Ukraine asked concerningly, "I tried calling out to you a few times." Germany sighed in relief but still tensed.

Ukraine sat next to him while Germany thought of the right words to say. "I.. have a problem..." Germany admitted. Ukraine nodded and glanced at his watch. He still had some time. "What's wrong?" Ukraine asked, waiting patiently for a response.

"I think I have a..." Germany trailed off, not sure what he should say. "You think...?" Ukraine arched an eyebrow. "I mean... I... I-I h-have a..." Germany hesitated, "...h-have a-a childish c-crush..."

Ukraine waited a bit. He proccessed this newly earned information. He thought...

And thought...

And thought...

Until it popped in his head. That idiot.

"Ah you mean, Russia?" Ukraine asked, causing Germany to tense more and flush redder than his flag color. "I mean. I won't judge you completely but, my brother's an idiot," Ukraine pointed out. The irony of that statement though-

"No he's not..." Germany protested quietly, causing Ukraine to chuckle. "Well, he pretty much is so he wouldn't get the hint that you like him the slightest bit," Ukraine stated. "But if you do get accepted, uhm... can you... please take care of him?" Ukraine requested.

Germany looked at Ukraine as of that was the most wholesome thing he'd ever heard. "Yeah, I really care about him but he has to grow out of his shell at some point. And I can't be there for him forever. I want him to go live a life. Maybe with someone he finds special," Ukraine explained and looked at Germany when he said the last part.

"I... Yes. Yes, of course! I'll take care of him just like how he took care of me. I'll promise you both that," Germany replied, now more confident. Ukraine smiled in relief, "Just don't hurt him alright?" Germany nodded again with more confidence. "I'm heading out to work now. Russia should be here soon. Don't chicken out alright? Even if he declines," Ukraine said as he stood up. The last part suddenly hits Germany like a train. "W-what-" "See ya, Ger," Ukraine said before he closed the door behind him.

Was all that talk not to encourage him? Why would he have said even if he rejects him? What if he really will reject him? And if he was accepted, can he really take care of him... **when he couldn't even take care of himself?**

Questions kept rising in Germany's head as his anxiety grew back. That talk was practically pointless after the last thing he said. He felt dizzy, so many negative emotions all at once. He felt like throwing up or passing out.

Then the door opened.

Germany quickly looked at it and he swore he could've snapped his neck if he went any faster. There Russia was in his usual clothing for work. Germany felt a mixed feeling of anxiousness and fluster. He couldn't think until he worked out all these at once.

"Ger, you alright? You're redder than usual and sweating an awful lot."

Germany couldn't even focus on where Russia was. He couldn't get a single word out. He felt really dizzy and sick.

When was the last time he felt this way? Oh, didn't he run away just to make this feeling stop? Why was this feeling so familiar yet it's

just that... just that..

It was all comepletely different.

Even though it was all familiar, it was still completely different too. In the forest he felt like this out of fear and sadness but... now it was different. He didn't feel like this out of those emotions anymore. It was because...

Because of him?

Germany shot open his eyes. He sat up slowly, feeling something on his head. Something wet and soft. He took it off of him, seeing that it was a soaked towel.

"Germany, you alright?" Russia asked kneeling down to Germany's height. "What happaned...?" Germany asked still digging as much as he could remember before he blacked out. "Well, I think you have a fever since your face was sorta flushed and you were all sweaty. Then you passed out," Russia explained, "I think you're cooling off now."

Russia placed a hand on Germany's head, and Germany was instantly reminded what he wanted to do. "Russland! There's something I need to tell you!" Germany exclaimed, putting Russia's hand down. "I-I... uhm.. Is just I... I really... I-I love you! M-more th-than a friend w-way!" Germany confessed, his face more flushed than before. He didn't dare look at Russia.

Russia chuckled in confusion, "What?"

Germany wasn't as fazed by his reply but he felt his eyes got watery. Even though he expected this, it still hurt. It hurt so much.

"I'm sorry, Ger. I just... can't really ever see you that way," Russia replied.

"E-even if you try...?" Germany asked quietly with a cracked voice, "I-I asked t-to f-fast didn't I? We h-haven't even met f-for that long..." Germany tried to laugh it off and force a smile. But his lips were quivering as bad as his voice.

"No, Ger. It's... not like that, I really can't see you that way," Russia corrected, "Sure I can be into boys too but it's just.. I don't feel right with you.."

"Th-then w-what do y-you s-see me as...?" Germany stuttered.

Russia went silent. And it caught Germany off guard. He expected Russia to answer with him being a friend. What made him silent now?

"...W-why d-did you w-want m-me to st-stay h-here when y-you know I-I w-wouldn't be a-able t-to return th-the favor...?"

Still no answer.

"W-why d-did you t-teach m-me all th-this stuff ab-bout y-your lifestyle...?"

No answer.

"W-why did you h-help me?"

"... Germany, I'm... going to be very honest with you," Russia finally responded, avoiding eye contact, "I'm sorry if this hurts a lot but I... I've only actually ever seen you as.. ***a pet***."

Germany didn't think he'd ever cried this much tears before. No, wait. He had, but that was so long ago. This hurt just as much.

Germany got off the sofa.

"Germany..."

He headed for the door only to be stopped by Russia pushing the door close.

"Wait, I'm sorry. I know, I know I'm a big asshole for even thinking that way. But when I first saw you as that bird I really thought I'd get a companion I could've kept-"

"S-so you th-thought o-of me as a p-pet r-rather than a f-friend?" Germany questioned, not even bothering looking at Russia.

Russia couldn't answer him. He just wanted a pet so badly he thought he could've kept Germany as one too. He really was a terrible person, why did he think this way. What was wrong with him? Germany didn't deserve to be here, not with him.

Hesitantly, Russia let go of the door. Germany left the apartment without a word. Russia was only left with regret and guilt as he stood still.

"I don't think he's here," Poland said.

The two critters had been searching all day. They'd spent half of it flying there and another half searching. They were currently on the roof of a building that had an amount of humans inside. They were pretty sure they all lived there.

"I'm not going anywhere. It's only been half a day, how can we be sure he isn't here?" America asked looking up at the sky. Poland sighed, and looked down at the many humans under him. How he despised them.

Poland paid attention to a less crowded area where he couldn't see the humans. It seemed like a field with pathways, trees and a big field. It had a mini play ground there as well as benches. Poland was about to look away when he saw something.

Something was on one of the benches. He could've mistaken it for a bag or trash but he was sure it was a person.

"What are you looking at?" America said sitting up and looking at the figure on the bench. "Nothing, just that creepy person on the bench. Probanly homeless," Poland said looking away from the figure.

America could make out some shivering from the figure. He jumped off the roof and turned into an eagle to glide down safely. When he reached the grown he turned back to a human and aproached the figure. He was sure the person was crying.

"Hey...?" America asked only 4 feet away from the figure. The figure

stopped trembling and his sobs quiet down as well. He looked up in shock and America was almost just the same.

"...Found you..."

Fight

"America, maybe we should give him some time?" Poland suggested.

America didn't answer. He just watched helplessly as his fiance cried. He just assumed it was a tantrum like before but now Germany was upset enough to shout at him? What happened? Was being out here too much for the critter?

"Germany, you don't have to tell us now. Let's just go home first alright?" America offered, not attempting to give any physical attention. Unlike when he first did it out of instict but was pushed away and shouted at afterwards.

America waited for a response but all that came out from Germany were sniffles and sobs. America wished he knew how to comfort him, but what could he do now? Germany refused to be comforted and continues to cry over whatever the hell reason he had.

It honestly tested America's patience. But that was overpowered by the feeling of worry and such. He felt powerless too. Not being able to do anything when the problem was right there.

"Germany!"

Germany paid no attention to whatever sound was around him. But America and Poland looked at the source of the voice. A figure was running towards them. When he was close enough he kneeled down beside Germany.

"Germany, what's wrong? Russia called me because he was worried. We've been searching in areas and because the park was closed Russia had to distract the guard there," Indonesia explained, placing a hand on his back for comfort.

"D-don't t-talk about R-russ-sia t-to me!" Germany sobbed out, pushing the hand away from him.

Indonesia was really concerned, he looked up at the two people infront of Germany. "Who are you guys?" Indonesia asked, standing up. "You... have you been keeping Germany this whole time?" America asked as he sniffed the air a bit.

"I asked first," Indonesia stated standing more to Germany's front. "You know nothing. Get out of the way. We'll take care of him," America demanded. Indonesia still stood unfazed. America might be a few inches taller but he still wasn't intimidated. Indonesia was never the type to give up or get scared easily.

"What the hell do you know then? Germany doesn't even know you," Indonesia reasoned. "He does. I'm his fiance!" America exclaimed.

No, Germany couldn't take it anymore. He needed to get at least a few steams out of him. No matter how much he'll probably regret it later.

"S-stop it with that FUCKING BULLSHIT, AMERICA!" Germany shouted. All three men looked at him, taken back and shocked. Germany stood up and Indonesia moved away from Germany's path. Shit was about to go down.

"Stop saying I'm your fiance, stop saying you even fucking love me!"

"I do-!"

"WELL I DON'T! You've been searching for me all day!? So you've only noticed I was gone today or something!?" Germany shouted once more.

"N-no that's not-"

"Do you even know why I left in the first place, America!? DO YOU!? Maybe you're just dumb or you really never cared about me!"

America couldn't pull himself together. Germany had never once swore or argued with him this intensely. He couldn't even think of words to say.

"I left because the whole forest, excluding Polen and Japan, fucking hates me! What about all those times I've cried to you about it!? You did NOTHING!" Germany exclaimed.

"What do you mean I did 'nothing'? I told you to just ignore it! It's not worth your time," America finally reasoned back.

"IT STILL HURTS, AMERICA! I don't want to be tormented in my own home! And you wouldn't even do shit! The only people I had there were Polen and Japan. They're my friends that I can trust completely but you were my "soon to be husband" WHO DIDN'T EVEN DO ANYTHING!"

America stood still, he attempted to place a hand on his shoulder, "Germany-"

"DON'T FUCKING TOUCH ME!"

And America's cheek went red.

America, Poland, Indonesia and jist possibly Germany himself were stunned. Germany with all his might had finally for once hit America. The last time America was ever hit like this was either his father or a war that took place so long ago.

"G-germany, that's enough!" Indo exclaimed, the first of the few who woke up from that stun. He wrapped an arm around Germany's shoulder, rubbing it comfortingly. Germany's tears fell harder and got hotter. He breathed heavily from exhaustion through all of the emotions he was feeling.

Did he regret it? Maybe. It hit him hard too.

Just then Germany had never felt something so painful and powerful hit him before.

America kept throwing punches at Germany. Poland and Indonesia tried to stop him as much as they could. Germany had forgotten how violent America could ever be. Yet he did not fight back. He couldn't. He was still in shock from the first hit.

Germany's body kept flinching and twitching from so much pain at

once. Why did all this had to happen to him? Why does everytime he thought he found someone he could live a life with, friends or lover, he'd always meet the wrong people.

Why did his father went missing and ruined his life?

Germany's body went limp, yet America kept going. It scared Poland and Indonesia to death. Finally America was pulled away, almost too easily. America fell back to the ground and sat up almost immediately.

"Germany? ГЕРМАНИЯ!?" Russia called out. He was kneeled down next to Germany's body. He placed his head gently to Germany's chest. To his upmost relief, there was still a heart beat.

"America, What have you done...?"

America looked at Poland, then at Germany's limp figure. He calmed down after a while and realization soon hit him. What he did to Germany, he could never forgive himself for it.

"I-.. I need to get him to a hospital! We have to-"

"You can't do that."

Russia looked back at Poland, "Why not!? That fucking asshole beat the shit out of him!"

America winced at that fact. Poland only sighed, "Maybe you humans are blind to the night light but, his wings are..." Poland glanced at America then he looked to the ground.

His wings?

Russia looked back to Germany's body. A single wing grew out of Germany's back. It was black like his eagle form so it was hard to point out in the dark. But there was only one wing growing out of Germany's back.

"What's happening to him?" Russia asked not looking away from Germany.

"It's... due to so much pain, mentally and physically, it damaged his body and magic system. Maybe because the pain wasn't as much, only a wing grew out," Poland explained.

"So what do we do?" Russia asked. "We can go back home, we have more effective medication for this situation at home. But we can't carry him back like this, we're just eagles and myself alone won't be able to hold him for half a day," Poland suggested.

Russia carefully picked Germany up and hugged him gently. He could feel tears of concern and fear overwhelming him. He didn't want to lose Germany yet. He wanted to make up to him for what he did. He wanted each other to give second chances.

"I can..."

The three looked at Indonesia, who seemed to be a bit hesitant.

"I can get you close enough to there, but it'll take a while," Indonesia said, "We can discuss about this tomorrow though. We need to patch Germany up first."

They all agreed. Though Indonesia and Russia were uncertain of bringing America alone, Poland convinced them that they need him. While Russia treated Germany's bruises and injuries, the other three discussed about how to get there.

[From this point on, I'm starting to feel like this story is going shit but I'll continue it anyways- for your sake :D]

Designs

[image] [image] [image] [image] [image] [image] [image]

Nah, not a chappie but I do realize that I've never really explained what they actually wore the entire time. Except the first few chapters. So Imma just put some of these-

I wanted to add America's bird form to but I had no space because I was too carried away with his eyes and expressions xD

Here's some height difference too-

Maybe not what you were expecting, more or less. But these are their current design, putting aside the story. I've been using these designs and will probably still stick with these in this story unless we're talking about pjs or formal clothings.

Yes I'm too lazy to draw anyone else but I have a few drawings of Indo. I've never really explained what he ever wore so here's the closest example I could find.

I forgot the scar on the drawing here so here's a sketch of him with it.

Not the clearest but it was the closest headshot I could find with only him in it.

I've redesigned China too but I don't have any drawings of it yet. You can have Poland's face though. I can't give you the full design of him cuz I've never drawn him from this au.

Tada- big(?) plot twist, yes he lost his arm but he has a prosthetic one now. Due to his magic system malfunctioning, he can't control the arm easily. I never saw the need to show this information to the story since he's a side character but here's a fun fact.

Another fun fact about Poland, he has a stitch mark/ scar on his stomach too. I don't have any drawings of it yet, but I do have gory

arts of how he had it. I'm not showing since I'm insecure with them nsfw for now.

That's all I have for now. See you in the best chapter. Also apologies for some of you who immediately pressed the notification or got two of the same thing. I accidentally published it while I was writing this all.

Preview of next chapter-

Indonesia knows a way to help the critters. Now not only the critters but Russia as well will go home. What does that mean? How does Indo know this? Was he connected with them all somehow? Find out in the next chapter,

Home

Home

A bump.

It caused Germany's body to jump from the motion and for Germany to wake up. Mostly because of the pain he felt on his abdomen and chest. Germany groaned and hugged himself gently.

"Germany?"

He looked forward but everything was blurry.

"You ok back there?" Indonesia asked looking at Germany from the mirror.

"...Huh...?" Germany felt someone beside him. He looked up to see red, blue and white in blurry colors. He soon realized it was Russia but he wasn't moving at all.

"Your glasses.... broke.... Sorry..." America apologized nervously.

"Wh-what..? What's going on? Why isn't Russland moving?" Germany asked frantically, trying to hold Russia's hand.

But instead of seeing a blurry yellow of his hand, it was a blurry grey. He soon realized something big and comfy had wrapped him. It was Russia's jacket. It was really big and warm.

"That guy's just asleep. And... we're going.. going back to the forest," America answered.

"What!? No! No, I'm not going back!" Germany protested.

"Ger, how does your body feel?" Indonesia asked.

"I... it's sore. But I'm not going back, it's just some bruises or so," Germany replied, hugging into the jacket more. The warm fur around his neck brushed againts him comfortingly. "Haven't you... felt your back yet?" Indonesia asked.

Germany was still confused, but then he felt something. It started moving at his will like when he was in his eagle form. He looked into the jacket and in his horror he saw a black blur in a shape of a wing. His wing.

"No... no! This isn't possible!" Germany declined. He refused to believe it. He's magic system had failed him just enough.

"Germany, I'm so sorry..." America apologized again. His voice filled with so much guilt and regret. Germany leaned back to, what he assumed, was Russia's shoulder and sighed deeply.

He looked back to Russia, he assumed he was still asleep. What should he feel about him now? He could be feeling angry or upset but it'd be partly a lie. Instead Germany leaned to Russia more. He still loved him. Maybe he was overreacting? A pet isn't completely bad?

No, no. What was he thinking. He's getting his little fantasy up again. A critter as a human pet? He couldn't say it was impossible but who the hell want to be treated like a pet? ...Ok maybe being Russia's pet wouldn't be so bad if he was his only pet-

Germany groaned trying to get rid of his thoughts and think of nothing. "You alright?" Indonesia asked after hearing the groan. "Yeah, it's just aching," Germany responded. Yes it really was aching, more than his bruises and half of his face..... No it's not down there-

His heart ached with so much emotion but he couldn't get it through. If only he had his glasses he could distract himself by looking out the window. He could see green, blurry shapes morphing to different sizes. It was probably due to how fast the transportation was moving.

Actually, what were they all riding now? Germany didn't bother thinking and assumed it was those moving mechanics he would see in the streets. He wondered how Ukraine was too.

Thinking about Ukraine could distract him but did he really want to distract himself with that? It might worsened his anxiety and such.

Like does Ukraine know the truth now? What did he think when they had to leave so suddenly? Does he even know they all left?

See, it worsened his thoughts and insecurities.

"Where exactly are we going?" Germany asked to distract himself from his torturing inner thoughts. "We're actually going to a small town. When I mentioned it last night, Russia said his family lived there," Indo answered, "The town there is the closest I know to wherever you guys live. It's where I met China. It was a hunting ground that time but maybe times changed?"

Germany nodded, "do we leave right after?" "Nah, you guys would go at night when everyone's asleep. Just in case the place is still some hunting spot or a prohibited area," Indonesia explained, "I actually already booked a place there last night. Just two rooms. I can't afford 4 rooms." Germany nodded.

(Time skip hell yeah- not gonna right the whole boring trip-)

"Hey, we're here?" America stated but in a questioning manner.

Germany, because of his blurry visions, were unable to understand or see whatever was going on. Indonesia and America, however, can see the big billboard stating the entrance of the small town.

"Yep, here we are. Germany, can you wake Russia up?" Indonesia requested. Germany nodded and hummed in response, looking at Russia. He tapped Russia's bare arm continuously, "Russ.. Russia wake up. We're here already." Yet Russia did not move an inch.

So with as much strength as Germany could muster up, he shook Russia's shoulder, "Russland!" He kept going until he felt a hand on his bruised face. It was brushing his face gently so it didn't hurt much at all. The hand pulled away and Russia looked as if he'd turn away to the window, "Yeah, I'm up.." His voice was a bit hoarse and slurred but it was audible nonetheless.

Germany kept a hand on his face where Russia had brushed. He looked away and watched as new colors appeared by the window. Some were moving, not because of the car, but because of the many

activities they were doing. Some moving in constant speed and some smaller ones walking faster with each other. If only he could enjoy the scenery with HD quality.

Indonesia had left the three alone in the inn he booked. He hoped that America wasn't messing the room up when he isn't even gonna be staying for the night. He approached an entrance. An entrance to what seemed to be a camping park that led to the woods. An employee greeted him.

"Hello, anything I can do for you, sir?" The employee said, adjusting his scarf. "Yeah, uhm. Do you by any chance know who owns this entire place?" Indo asked awkwardly. "Yeah, I do!" The employee- no, *owner* answered showing his name tag. His name was Belarus. Weird name for a guy but Indo was not one to judge.

He examined Belarus. Honestly he doesn't look like *him* as much as Russia do. Maybe this guy bought it from *him* but he couldn't tell for sure. "Do you know who owned this place before you did?" Indonesia asked, hoping he has a lead. "Yes, my father. Is there a reason you're asking these questions, sir?" Belarus asked.

"I just wanted to meet an old friend."

Talk

"Please wait here for a while. My father's probably in his office."

"No problem, take your time."

Estonia nodded and smiled before walking down the hallway. He had forgotten big the house was. It really felt nostalgic. He remembered all the animals he hunted, the comrades he made and how he met China. There were good and bad memories in here

Indonesia looked at a picture and walked closer to it. It was a family photo of him and his children. The mother or mothers of each one of them unknown. It was difficult to know which child is which now since their flag changed so much. Putting aside Belarus, of course.

He saw a child that caught his attention. He wasn't the tallest of the children but he almost was. It was a big difference from all the other children aside from the tallest. Indonesia was almost certain that was Russia. Him and his father looked so much alike even until now. But Russia was happier in this one.

"Индо! My comrade. How has it been?"

Indo turned to face the tall man approaching him. He smiled and held his hand out, "Soviet, I'm doing good. You?" USSR, instead of shaking the hand, pulled Indonesia to a hug. "It could be better," USSR sighed and let go of Indonesia, "Come, have a seat." USSR sat on an arm chair while Indonesia sat on a sofa across from it.

"So, what brings you here?" USSR asked. "Is it not alright for me to visit an old friend and an old workplace?" Indonesia asked and chuckled, USSR following afterwards. "But you have a point," Indonesia pointed out catching USSR's attention, "I came here with your son." USSR's eyes widened but he grew emotionless after a second. "Which one?"

"I wasn't even sure if he was your son or not despite how much he looked like you. But it's Russia," Indonesia answered. USSR nodded and seemed unamused. "From your reaction I'm guessing he was the son that 'disappointed' you?" Indonesia guessed. USSR nodded again, "His talent was such a waste. He was exactly like me, but in the same time completely different."

Indonesia sighed, "No one can be the same person. I'm pretty surprised you even let him be a vet of all career." USSR nodded again. "Don't you think it's time to accept whatever your children would be?" USSR kept silent as if deep in thought. Indonesia, ever since USSR had ranted about Russia, did not agree with USSR's mindset, not once. He was expecting too much of his son.

"So you let your other son, Belarus, inherit the place?" Indonesia asked, changing the subject. "Да, the rest of my children that stayed actually. Most of the team had retired and business had been running slow since hunting animals have been restricted," USSR explained, "I let my children inherit the area. One son isn't enough to manage the whole area."

Indonesia nodded. "How has your career been?" USSR asked. "Oh yeah, it's doing fine. I actually moved away from my brothers," Indonesia answered. "So, where's that son of mine?" USSR asked monotonously. "He's still tired so I left him in the inn. We'll just be here for a night though," Indonesia answered, earning a nod from USSR.

Germany sat on a chair and watched as shapes and colors moved lively with each other. This town seemed very happy. Germany still had things to do before he leaves back to the forest. He wanted to end things on good terms.

"You shouldn't be here."

Germany looked up and say a red striped face with blue on the top right corner. There was black across where his eyes should be. His void black, aqua irised eyes. He sighed, "It's alright I have this jacket to hide it. Come sit with me."

America hesitated but sat on a chair across from Germany. America

didn't know what else to say. He couldn't shrug off the tension like he usually would. This time he realized it was his fault and the action was worse.

"I don't want to be your fiance anymore."

"I know," America said almost as soon as Germany spoke. He avoided Germany's gaze despite knowing he couldn't even see him properly. He knew what he did, and he knew what the consequences were.

"I'll break the contract, don't worry."

"I still am."

America glanced at Germany then looked back to his fidgeting hand. He inhaled deeply and exhaled shakily, "Why so?"

"Because I don't know if you'd be alright after this."

America couldn't say he wasn't touched or taken aback by this. But he realized that it's nothing special, Germany had always been like this. He probably doesn't even mean it. "Why should I be alright? I don't really deserve it don't you think?" America asked back, he furrowed his eyebrow.

"America, you're selfish, egotistic, high tempered at most times and ignorant."

America felt as if he had forgotten how to breath.

"But you're still a hero. Someone everyone looks up to. Someone who would have to take care of the forest after your dad retires. Everything about you isn't bad. You're ambitious and determined. I don't know why you were like all that I mentioned before, but I do know you're not a bad person by heart. You still deserve to be alright, but you have to change as well."

America let out a breath he forgot he was holding. He didn't really know what to say. He placed his face to his palm. "Will you ever forgive me?" America asked. He felt a hand touching his hand and face. He took hold of Germany's hand and looked at him.

"It's too soon for an answer, Ame. But I don't want that to make you distant or awkward towards me," Germany said, smiling sympathetically. America nodded and sighed.

"Germany, did you ever love me?" Germany nodded without hesitation, "Yes, of course I did but time's changed. You changed and so have I." America nodded again, "You like that Russia guy?" Germany hesitantly nodded, a blush tinting his already red cheeks. America sighed, "I hope you chose the right one this time."

He let go of Germany's hand and stood up, "We should go back." Germany nodded and let America help guide him back.

Germany entered the room he temporarily shared with Russia. He could make out Russia's blurry form on the bed. Germany had thought Russia might have been asleep. But as he approached, Russia suddenly got off the bed. He kneeled down and hugged Germany's waist.

Germany couldn't help but turn red. Redder than his own flag color. Russia was hugging thight but because he was hugging his waist, it didn't hurt Germany. They stayed in silence for a moment until Russia decided to speak up first.

"I'm sorry."

(Sorry again for that accidental publish ;-;)

Leaving

"I shouldn't have seen you as a pet. I know I shouldn't but I didn't know why I did anyways. I just thought, if I saw you as a pet maybe, maybe you wouldn't have to leave me. Because you wouldn't have a reason to leave me and you needed me. I don't have anyone else. Amongst my siblings Ukraine's the closest I've been with but we still fought often. I'm sorry."

Germany could only watch as Russia's blurry form kept his grip, tightening ever so slightly. He'd never seen Russia so, well, sad? Sad would be an understatement. Desperate? Miserable? Pitiful? Weak?

The hug tightened to the point it made Germany wince. Russia immediately let go but remained kneeled and mumbling apologies. Germany rolled up the sleeves of the jacket and touched Russia's face. He felt his hand got wet as he realized Russia was crying. Now he was so very glad he didn't have his glasses with him. He didn't think he could bare seeing someone as strong as Russia, someone he loved, cry.

"Why are you crying?"

Russia hovered a hand over Germany's and hesitantly placed it on his, keeping it to his face. He didn't want to let go. He didn't want Germany to leave.

"What do you mean...? I hurt you."

"I didn't ask about why you're sorry, Russ. Tell me, how are you now?"

Russia stayed quiet then sighed, "Germany... Гер, I'm... I feel guilty and regretful. I'm sad you have to leave, I don't want to be alone again."

"You have Ukraine, Indonesia and China. Why would you still need me?" Germany asked. "It won't be the same. You were the reason I

had even met China and Indonesia in the first place. My brother, I just explained that earlier. But, I've always felt alone. No one really wanted to be around me because I always looked intimidating. I'm always so distant and quiet with my family. My father doesn't even want me anymore."

Russia's tears fell harder after the last part. He started letting out very quiet sobbings unlike when he cried silently a few moments ago. Germany bent lower and wrapped his arms around Russia.

"It's alright, Russ. You... y-you don't have to give a shit about your father either...!" Germany said quietly. Russia felt as his back and shoulders getting wet. Germany, could very much relate to what Russia felt.

When his father went missing, he'd always think he'd come back. Kids always hid themselves behind lies to prevent truth. Soon he learned how much of a terrible person his father was even if he thought he was the hero. The forest, the critters, everyone had teased and harrassed him for his father.

It just made Germany wonder. What if his father ran away to escape consequences without Germany? Did he leave him there to pay for his actions instead? Did he think sacrificing his son as atonement was the right thing to do? Germany was at the state of anger at one point. He needed someone to help him or at least someone to blame. Poland and Japan couldn't help Germany enough. America didn't even try to help. So he went for his last option. He blamed it all on his father.

"Why are you crying?" Russia asked as his hands slowly wrapped around Germany. "B-because I've been there before. Sometimes, Russland, parents are terrible," Germany answered in his cracked voice, "It's not your fault they're like that." Russia nodded and hugged Germany gently.

"I'm still sorry..."

"It's okay, Russland," Germany said and let go of the hug, "but I still need time."

Germany could see Russia's blurry head nod in understanding. "You're going to leave tonight. You should go sleep now," Russia said, brushing a thumb on Germany's tear stained cheek. He picked Germany up without warning and placed him on the bed. "Do you want to get the jacket off?" Russia asked tugging on his jacket that Germany was still wearing.

Germany shook his head, "Please let me keep it until tonight." He hugged the jacket away from Russia's pull. Russia smiled, "Alright. I think I'm gonna freshen up a bit first. I'll be in the bathroom."

Germany nodded and he heard Russia walked off and into a room he assumed was the bathroom. Germany rolled to his side and curled himself to a ball. He hugged the jacket and himself tighter. The warmth and comfort was enough to lull him to sleep.

"I'm surprised this place is even open after such a time like this."

"This place is now built purposely for camping and other outdoor activities. Even thought they're still active in night, they've closed ticket booths and registrations. I was lucky enough to get a discount on 4 tickets."

Indonesia, America, Russia and Germany walken into the woods. They were surrounded by camps and some people were bonding around camp fires. The four made sure to walk far enough, unnoticed. They were at the very edge of the prohibited areas of the entire campsite.

"This is as far as all four of us can go," Indonesia said as the four reached a camp fire on the furthest area of the camp site. "Why is there a camp fire here?" Germany asked gazing at the fire.

"Apparently, in case beginners didn't know how to make fire, the guys working here made them for us in a reserved place. They come by every hour to check if the campers are here. If they take too long the employees would have to take the fire out for safety reasons," Indonesia explained.

"Are you a beginner, Indo?" Germany asked, looking up to Indonesia. "Absolutely not. I've made fires and camped outdoors

tons of times. I just reserved a campfire for-" "Indo!"

Indonesia was interrupted as China tackled him to the ground. He gently rubbed circles on China's back and China quickly got off. "Mind explaining *that*?" America asked looking back and forth at Indonesia and China. "Mind explaining *that*?" China asked back and he nodded at Germany.

The two refused to answer their questions and glared at each other. Germany, without any glasses and the dark night, couldn't even make out what the hell was going on.

"I'm sorry. He ran as quickly as he could when he saw the fire," Poland apologized as he approached the five from the woods. Poland looked at Germany, "You looked worse than yesterday." Germany chuckled, "Very funny."

Russia placed his hands on Germany's shoulder and slowly pulled the Jacket off. Germany didn't actually wanted to let go but he cooperated and let the Jacket take the warmth and comfort away from Germany. Germany hugged himself a bit, his turtleneck did not help him much at all. Not to mention how his wing pulled on the back too, letting the cold night air hit his bare back. It sent him shivers.

"How is your wing?" Poland asked. Germany did a little flap with his wing and nodded, "It's fine for now." Poland nodded, "We should get back now. Thank you for helping us you two." Indonesia and Russia nodded.

"I'll see you both soon," Germany said. "Get well soon, Ger," Indonesia said back. "... See you soon..." Russia said, averting his eyes from the critters. Indonesia waved and snuck a little wink at China. The critters all left and disappeared from eyesight into the woods.

"Let's go," Russia said putting his jacket on. "What do you mean?" Indonesia asked and sat down next to the campfire, "I'm not wasting money for 4 tickets and leave immediately after." Russia sighed and sat next to Indonesia, "You don't intend on sleeping on bare grass in the woods don't you?" "Maybe I would," Indonesia smirked. "You're

literally wearing shorts and sandals right now," Russia said as he eyed Indonesia's lower half. "I'll fight the entire forest naked if I could," Indonesia stated while Russia rolled his eyes.

The two stayed silent and enjoyed the warmth of the fire and company of each other. Indonesia looked at Russia and decided to break the ice, "Don't you want to meet your father and siblings here?"

Russia turned to Indonesia with widened eyes, "Что-?" "I couldn't realize it until yesterday night, but I've known your father for quite a while back then. I was a hunter. I was working with and for him," Indonesia explained.

Russia looked back at the fire with a darkened expression, "Why would I want to see him if he doesn't want to see me?" That was a fair point, Indonesia couldn't argue with that, "Then what about your siblings?" "I haven't talked to them in forever. They barely know me. Ukie was the only one yet we still fought. Bela is sweet too, but that's all the more reason he shouldn't see me."

Indonesia nodded and looked at the fire. He decided to give up and leave the subject alone. It wasn't any of his business anyways. He just wanted to help out an old friend and a new one.

"That's enough for today, I'm heading back to the inn," Russia said and stood up. "Go on ahead, I'll stay here for a while," Indonesia said giving a little wave at Russia. Russia nodded and left leaving Indonesia alone.

The end

Ok, you guys probably haven't figured it out yet but that last chapter was actually the end.

Yep

That's legit all. Not the kind of ending you'd expect.

Germany never came back and Russia stayed alone, occasionally interacting with Indonesia or China.

Sorry to say guys.

It's been fun while it lasted but that's the end of this book. Thank you all so much for the support you guys have been giving me. I'll see you in future books if I'll even ever make them.

Cya!

Nah, just kidding-

No that isn't the end obviously. There will be one more chapter after this. And then that's the end. I'll be posting a chapter for fun facts of the au after the last chapter, so if you're interested, stay for a lil while longer.

Till then see you in the next chapter.

Feathers

"What's so special that you had to make me come here?"

Indonesia chuckled and placed a bottle of vodka in front of Russia, an envelope under the bottle. "Why don't you see for yourself?" Russia eyed the envelope and picked it up. He looked around in case anyone else was going to read it too.

"I know a bar can be crowded but I don't think they'd care if you had a letter," Indonesia said and looked at a few other customers in need of his assistance. "I'll give you some alone time," Indonesia said as he went to serve his job with other customers.

Russia looked at the envelope again and ripped the top open. Since the envelope was still sealed it meant Indonesia hadn't read it yet. Inside the envelope was a letter and a black feather. He examined the black feather curiously before realizing it was a quil pen. He opened the folded letter and read it.

'Hey, how have you been?

It's only been a few weeks since I left but I didn't waste time on writing a letter for you. I asked China to help me out so I guess you could hear about me once a month at most? I'd be glad if you lend China a letter for me to read too. Did you like the quil I left there? It's made from my feather if you can't tell. It's probably really weird but it's actually pretty cool too. If you ran out of ink for it, the feather would go white. I'm doing fine by the way, I'm healing a lot faster now and the pain decreased. I hope I can see you soon.

Sincerely, Germany'

Russia couldn't believe what he read. He re-read it a couple of times, making Indonesia chuckle a bit. It was a letter from Germany, Russia could still communicate with him even when they were miles apart. Russia wasted no time, he took the bottle of vodka, the letter and quil pen with him as he left yelling his

gratitude to Indonesia.

He got home and placed a paper on his desk. He sat on the chair made for it and thought about what he should write. When he was about to take a pen, he stopped and instead took the quil pen Germany gave him. Surprisingly, the pen worked very well. The ink was bold and neat enough to work with. It was satisfying to see how the well the pen slides across the paper creating neat and black lines. Then he realized he had just messed up his first attempt and crumbled the paper away. He took a whole stack and placed it on his desk, it was gonna be a long night.

'Good day, Germany.

To be honest, I haven't been doing well since we last met. I'm still waiting for you. I miss you a lot. I really hope we can meet again soon. I haven't been socializing that much but just today I met up with Indo because he had your letter. I guess you could say your letters would be very encouraging for me to get out of the house on free times. I hope you get better soon.

From Russia.

'Hey Russland.

I'm sorry to hear that you haven't really been going out much. But knowing my letters could help you really motivates me as well. Not that I'm not motivated enough with the first letter! It just makes me feel better and happier. I don't want you to be sad or lonely so try and hangout with other people more alright?

Your Friend, Germany'

'Hello, Ger.

Well, so far I've only been hanging out with Indo and China more often. I started talking with Ukie too. But you really shouldn't be worrying about me. How's your bruises? You doing good? When will you come back? How are you there? Are they treating you well there?

Stay safe, Russia'

'Hey, Russland.

You don't need to worry about me. I'm in good care now that America's learned his mistakes. His mother had always been motherly like to me too so you don't really have to worry. She was actually worried sick of me and she scolded America for it. Her husband on the other hand, I don't really think he cares much about whatever happens to me. He was really mad at me that I left though. I wanna see you soon.

With love, Germany'

'Hi, Ger.

I'm sorry that you still have to go through that guy even after you just got back. At least that woman you mentioned was nice to you. It's been, 3 months? At least I got China and Indo but I'd trade anyone for you honestly. Hope we can see each other soon.

Russia'

"China didn't get any letter from Germany this month."

Russia was taken aback. "You're joking right?" Russia chuckled nervously. Indonesia shook his head looks behind Russia to avoid eye contact. "What? Why? What happened?" Russia asked frantically but Indonesia refused to look at Russia.

Russia got scared, worried. What if Germany got even more hurt? What if the guy he was talking about didn't let him send letters anymore? Or maybe Germany just didn't want to talk to him anymore?

Indonesia snorted. Russia was taken aback once more before glaring at him, "You think this is funny!? He-"

Russia was interrupted when Indonesia bursted to laughter and short arms tried their best to wrap around his entire waist. Russia looked back and he swore he could have cried on the spot. "Sorry, sorry..! I couldn't help it!" Indonesia apologized, his laughter slowly dying. "You're so mean to him, Indo! Look how scared he was!"

Germany scolded, letting go from the hug.

"白痴," China said pinching Indonesia's cheek. "Ow, ow, ow! Sai, please-" Indonesia whined. Germany sighed and looks at the confused Russian who had fully turned to face Germany. Germany smiled warmly, "Russ-"

This time it was Germany's turn to get interrupted by a hug. But unlike Germany's weak hug, Russia lifted Germany up with his hug unintentionally. Germany squealed quietly at the feeling of being lifted off the ground, but the warmth of Russia's hug calmed him down. "I missed you," Russia muttered out, "so very much.."

Germany smiled again and kissed Russia's forehead, "I missed you too."

Fun Facts

Yus, the story has finally ended. Thank you all for supporting me and reading this book. Most importantly enjoying my book.

My first ever book that I have ever finished-

As promised I did say I was gonna post another chapter for some fun facts. You don't necessarily have to read it but if you wanna, I'm cool with that.

Let's begin.

1. The black eagle Russia shot when he was a kid was actually Third Reich.

2. Whatever a critter wears as human forms will become extra fur/ feathers/scales/etc. (Depeneding on what the animal the critter is)

3. The reason Germany liked to cover a lot of himself that time is because he remembered what anyone (America specifically) can do to him. With or without his own will.

4. Germany had his first with America.

5. Japan and China are not related, rather, China had become a legal guardian for Japan and became his brother.

6. Third Reich fought along side America and his father against USSR and his hunters. Even with that, he was a big asshole to anyone but his family.

7. USSR and his hunters had no clue what critters are and only think of them as mere animals.

8. France loves to spoil Germany but UK is a complete opposite.

9. Germany was America's fiance involuntarily after his father died and failed to complete his oath.

10. Third Reich just wanted a breather and had no intention of running away or getting shot.

11. USSR hunted animals and sell them to rich clients for whatever purpose they had. Hence why USSR is fucking rich.

12. Indonesia's father died and he was left alone with his brother, Malaysia, with no where to go. USSR took them in temporarily and Indonesia started training and working as a hunter to repay him.

13. Indonesia moved Malaysia with Philippines, in the big city, so he could live a better life than him.

14. Philippines was Indonesia's and Malaysia's childhood friend but got separated. Philippines father soon found Indonesia working for his friend.

15. Poland was claimed as Third's little slave after his family owned him a lot.

16. Poland lost his arm and got a lot of scars because he tried to fight Third Reich back.

17. Germany kept Poland company whenever his father was busy. He never knew what his father had done to Poland until after he disappeared.

18. Germany was never physically hurt in his home because he belonged to someone they greatly respect. They did tease him, called him names and tormented him non stop unless he was with America or in his room.

19. Germany kept his sketches and drawings hidden in his room. Only America knew he loved drawing.

20. America's eyes are black with cyan pupils because he's one of the strongest critters in the forest. His father has it as well. (Third Reich too)

I think that's all I have to say. If you have anymore things you wanna find out just say so in the comments. Again thank you for all the support!

Oh yes, I did say I might make another book, yes? Yeah I will, most probably. UwU